

LET US LOOK TO OURSELVES

LET it never be forgotten in these momentous days that the world depends on you and me. We hear of Total War against the powers of darkness, but it is still a long way off. Total War means that the utmost power of every life is flung into the scale, and we are far from that.

Far from that as the fourth year comes—what right have we to complain of anybody's slowness? Do we believe in freedom so much that we will give up all we have for it? That is the test. Do we believe so much that we cannot throw away a piece of string or a scrap of paper, so much that we will go to London in old clothes, that we will work harder and save more and lend the money to the Government to buy Peace?

Do We Believe?

Of course we believe in freedom. We believe in it so much that we are quite willing that newspapers should be cut down, that books should remain unprinted for want of paper, that we should give up biscuits and chocolates and sweets and oranges and new clothes and holidays; even the sacred game of golf can go. Some believe in freedom so much that they give up their fathers, their brothers, their sons; all that makes life worth while they will lay on the altar of their country.

AND yet there are millions among us who do not love freedom, or their country, or their neighbour so much as that. When the social history of our times is written the most astounding fact of all will be that while we gave up so much of our necessities we clung to so much of our luxuries. The two greatest luxuries in our national life, measured by what we spend on them, remain as they were.

Lord Kindersley cries himself hoarse to get a hundred millions for his National Savings, but never a word is said about the *seven hundred millions* we spend every year in drinking and smoking. The molehills of waste are saved, the pennies and the bits of string; but the mountains of waste go on. We do not believe in freedom quite so much as to give up beer or cigarettes.

Character

And so, as we fight with the brake on, and not with all our powers, the fight is harder and the country has the greater need of all of us. We owe it to our honour, those of us who are not offering our lives on stricken fields, to offer all we have and are, our fullest strength, our noblest powers, the utmost sacrifice we can endure, to the cause for which our brothers fight and die. The cause of freedom is entitled to demand that we in this country, the forty millions of us who are at home, shall be at our best and shall not fail.

Is it not the old, old question of character that is so insistent now? We are astonished to read some of the things in the papers. It was only the other day that a judge was saying that every citizen of Liverpool, which is building two cathedrals, should be ashamed of the corruption prevailing in the city. It was only the other day that one of the bravest of the brave men of the war succumbed to temptation and found himself in prison.

We have read that a nurse had stolen her patient's food to give to a dog; that a man had brought shame upon the name of his brother who had gone down at sea; that

about 800 bicycles were stolen in Norwich last year; that petty pilfering in canteens costs the London Transport Board eight thousand pounds a year.

WE may hang our heads in shame that such things can be, but we shall be all the better if we realise what it means. It means that life is full of pitfalls and that we must be careful to avoid them. It is not the Boy Scout or the Girl Guide who steals stamps or spoons. They are prepared when that temptation comes and would scorn to stoop so low. They have a respect for themselves and for what they stand for.

If we think of it, it is remarkable how the spirit of a great movement works in the everyday life of the world. We may suspect a chance boy of something mean, but not a Scout. Honour is no mere word to him; it is the central fact of life. He will do his duty. He has a compass to steer by. Men may be brave, clever, generous, popular, but it is not enough. In the hour of temptation no man can save himself without a compass.

Truth

In peace and in war we must be true to ourselves, so that it follows, as the night the day, that we cannot then be false to any man. One of our letters the other day brought us a good picture of the countryman. The letter was speaking of his love of truth. A man will say of a lad, "He's country bred and born. If he says that's how it is, it is so. That's right." What a fine vision it is to think of a country full of boys and men like that! The man who lies is haunted with fear all his life and is not worth his breath.

It is so easy to go wrong, yet a man may never recover from a false step in his youth. We have been asked to tell this story. There was long ago a famous painter with a commission to paint scenes from the Life of Jesus for the walls of an Italian cathedral. He worked on the pictures for years until the work was finished except for two chief characters, Christ as a boy and Judas

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CHILDREN'S No 1221
3d
NEWSPAPER
POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d
EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Cornwall's 3000-Year-Old Trade

NOW that Canadian sappers and miners are opening up Cornwall's tin mines again it is interesting to record that Cornish tin has passed its 3000th birthday.

It began in the Age of Iron, it is revived in the Age of Aluminium. The Cornish tin mines are as old as Stonehenge, and probably older, and the ruins of the tin-mining villages between Penzance and Land's End are still visible, and some, notably Chysauster, have been laid bare, and show the stone houses of the miners and their families laid out in circles about an open space in the middle, small enough to be roofed with thatch.

The tin trade between Europe and Cornwall is more ancient than the Iron Age houses, and began when traders came from Gaul to fetch it. A tradition that the Phoenicians bargained with the Cornishmen for it is probably without foundation, though it is commemorated by

a panel painted some years ago in the Royal Exchange. A venturesome Phoenician or Carthaginian mariner may have sailed as far north as Britain, but there was no need to come so far when the rich tin fields of Portugal and of Brittany were open to them; and there is trustworthy proof that the Phoenicians and their small trading colonies halted in south-west Spain.

The earliest Cornish tin-mining was carried on by Celts and other immigrants from Ireland, and they made West Cornwall a leading centre of the tin industry. The tin was carried to St Michael's Mount, and shipped from there by a tribe of sea-folk to their villages lying at the mouth of the Loire in South Brittany, from where it was carried to the mouth of the Garonne to go by river and road to Carcassonne, Narbonne, and Marseilles to supply the wants of Rome.

Mr and Mrs Owl Pay Their Rent

MR. AND MRS OWL were not altogether troublesome tenants, but there came times when the old farmer wished them farther away.

The ivy-clad ruin in the farmyard was their headquarters. It was their dormitory, their dining-chamber, and their nursery. It went by the name of the Owl's House.

The "feathered cats" were often seen stealing forth at twilight, wafting their way with

slow, noiseless wing-beats along the hedgerows and searching the pastures, cornfields, and coppice. Sometimes, too, one caught a glimpse of them winking and blinking on a ledge high up within the ancient ruin.

And when little mouths were agape, what numberless journeys those tireless parents made to and fro; fetching and carrying a variety of titbits for the hungry babies which always, Oliver Twist-like, called for more!

No, they were not troublesome, but one night Mr Owl fell down a chimney and landed in a disused fireplace securely boarded up. There was nothing for it but to go to the bother of taking down the boarding, rescuing the prisoner, and nailing it all up again.

Then, when both Mr and Mrs Owl began perching on the farmhouse roof at irregular intervals almost every night, entertaining the household with weird, melancholy hootings, the farmer decided that it was time they found quarters elsewhere.

Curiously enough, the birds departed on their own accord and have not been seen since!

Beneath the ledge where they often perched the farmer found remains of hundreds of mice, voles, shrews, and young rats which the feathery tenants had caught in rick and field. And as he looked at this evidence of the good work they had done during their stay down on the farm he began to wish Mr and Mrs Owl were back in residence again! They had, at any rate, paid their rent.



Busy Days in the Countryside

SERVANTS OF OUR COUNTRY

The Chance For the Next-Man-In

The President of the Board of Education, Mr R. A. Butler, has been broadcasting about the Youth Service now being directed all over the country by the Government, and we take these passages from his broadcast, which shows what opportunities of service are opening up for the Next-Man-In—or the Next-Girl-In, as we must say in these days.

I AM going to tell you something about how we are harnessing the energy and enthusiasm of our young people. We are attempting a task which no nation has so far achieved with success, that is to combine the energy and spark of youth with the wisdom and tradition of those of mature experience.

We are not trying to regiment or parade our youth, but want to give them the chance to serve; that is why the organisation is called the Youth Service.

The name reminds me of many friends I met on my visit to India who described themselves as Servants of India. Their work was characterised by an unselfish devotion to India. Such an unselfish spirit of devoted service to a cause or country is much needed today, a spirit free from niggling bites of faction.

In this hour of our destiny we find our Youth inspired by a burning desire to do their bit. We discourage any division into sect or party.

When we of the Board of Education entered this new field of effort we found youth clubs and centres closing down all around us, partly because they were losing their leaders and their premises, and partly because funds were drying up. We constituted ourselves a first-aid service and took immediate steps to deal with the more pressing difficulties. Next we encouraged experimental youth centres of an informal type.

Building Character

It was then that some critics suggested that the sole end and object of the Youth Service was to encourage young people to spend their time in playing darts and dancing. But it had never been our idea that recreation alone was enough. It was our purpose to weld this new service into the fabric of our national education—to use it as an instrument for the building of character, for fitting individual boys and girls to play their parts as free citizens in a free land.

We soon learned that a policy based on the idea that youth

asked only to be sheltered and entertained could never succeed. These boys and girls were eager for the chance to train and serve in their turn, an eagerness to which the brilliant achievement of the R A F in the Battle of Britain gave a tremendous push.

Now the young were beginning to educate their elders, and showed us the trail we should follow. Here was a trail blazed long before by the great voluntary organisations for youth, such as the Scouts, the Guides, and Boys Brigades. These bodies had always looked after service to the community and training for citizenship. Their war records show how finely they have answered the call.

New Education Service

Towards the end of the year the Government announced their decision to require all young persons aged 16 to 18 to register. This gave us the chance to bring to the young people's attention the various ways in which they could train for service. Many who registered were already hard at work on the land or in war factories, still continuing their education, helping, it may be, with the harvest in their holidays, and of these nothing more could reasonably have been expected; yet even they were often ready to undertake that extra bit which counts for so much.

Thus, we are well on the way to establishing a new education service to tide over the time between the end of compulsory schooling and the beginning of the full life of citizenship. I cannot make it too clear that we have an infinite variety in our ranks. We thus avoid that deadening uniformity which has characterised totalitarian Youth movements. I think it is essential to maintain this diversity of activities for young people, whose interests and aptitudes are infinitely varied.

We want a coat of many colours, not a shirt of one drab hue. We are confident that in Britain today the young people are coming up to the front line positions.

MR KAISER AGAIN

It was a Kaiser who lost the last war. Perhaps a Kaiser may help to win this.

The Kaiser who lost the war has gone to his reward; the Kaiser who is stirring America now is the man we were talking of here the other day, building ships as Mr Ford built cars.

He had never built ships before, but he is building them now faster than anybody else. He is now running the biggest cement plant in the world.

He has been the wonder of the industrial world in the United States, the bright star in the sky of Production. He can build a ship in 29 days.

He has promised a Senate Committee that he will build every year 5000 planes to carry men or things where they are wanted. He declares that he could transport by air half a million fully-equipped men to England in a day, or 70,000 tons of materials.

He is a live man whose enthusiasm appeals to the Americans and must appeal to all. He believes we can end the frustration which comes over so many great plans and kills so many great ideas. He denies that he is a miracle man, and says he is only one of a nation of men who can beat Hitler at his own game if we organise to do it.

Little News Reels

AN Oxford pedlar has left his life savings (£169) to the Church Army, having spent his last 20 years in one of its homes.

Between 30 and 40 children have lost their lives by falling into the great water tanks in the streets, and boys and girls are warned against this great danger.

We hear of a small terrier which has turned up daily at its master's printing works at Sydney since master was called up six months ago.

THE members of Eynsford Women's Institute have saved £3000 in their first year of War-Saving.

A group of four Scottish colleges has given the Chancellor of the Exchequer £1000 for the war.

The Government has issued an appeal to all British subjects in America to return home to aid the War effort; there are 291,000 but only those not engaged in valuable work are expected to return.

THE Vichy Government having made a pathetic appeal for 350,000 Frenchmen to go to Germany for War work, 17,000 have responded!

Lord Woolton hopes that workshop canteens will continue in peace as one of the wise things we have learned from the war.

The Germans are putting pagan symbols on new Dutch coins instead of the old inscription, God Be With Us.

THE Ministry of Works is drawing up a 15-year building plan which will make it possible for builders' labourers to be guaranteed regular work and avoid casual labour.

When the Editor of the C N was a boy every boy in England leapt with delight at the sight of a sovereign; the other day six clever boys in their teens called to see the Editor, and not one of them knew what a sovereign was!

The Emperor Haile Selassie has invited the return of missionaries to Abyssinia.

Scout News Reel

IN an effort to overcome uniform shortage the 8th Ilkley Scout Troop dyed an old sheet and cut it up and hemmed it for Scout Scarves.

Scouts of Saffron Walden, Essex, have collected and sold £500-worth of waste paper, the profits having been distributed among charities.

Fifty Red Cross girls are to learn from Toronto Boy Scouts how to cook in the open, in readiness for possible air raids on Toronto.

A book on American Scouting, in a cover of canoe wood, has been brought to the Scouts of Cambridge from the Scouts of Cambridge, Massachusetts, by one of their members in the American Forces.

Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the US Navy, says that former Scouts are living evidence of the success of the Scout movement.

THINGS SEEN

A sturdy elder tree growing from a fork of a cherry tree in an orchard near Chilham.

A white antirrhinum flowering at seven feet high.

A tortoise, after a meal of buttercups and dandelions, going up to a yellow-covered book on the lawn.

The Sleeper in Jerusalem

THERE has just fallen asleep in Jerusalem, after all but 90 years of great work for the world, one of England's noblest citizens, a man of Kent, Sir Flinders Petrie.

It is 140 years since his grandfather was exploring Australia in the track of Captain Cook, and half that time since he himself began dreaming of exploration. The grandfather was Matthew Flinders, a Lincolnshire man who loved to put Lincolnshire names on the map of Australia. He suggested the name of Australia and one day, when he happened to be detained on board while his apprentice, George Bass, discovered the strait dividing Tasmania from the mainland, he named it Bass Strait in honour of the apprentice who had seen it first.

Flinders suffered great hardship with his starving crews, and was imprisoned as a French spy, but he managed to get home and write a book which has survived the tests of time. His daughter was Sir Flinders Petrie's mother.

Right nobly his grandson carried on his love of the unknown. He wrote a book on Stonehenge, our oldest monument, when he was in his twenties. He went to Egypt and wrote another on the Pyramids, giving us its first measurements and plans. Then, at 30, he set to work on excavation in Egypt. Up to that time only things with inscriptions could be dated on being found, but Petrie changed all that; he made it possible to date anything that was found as surely as we

can date a fragment of medieval carving or a Saxon arch.

He was as honest a man as ever lived on the earth, and as simple as a hermit. For half a century he was making discoveries, always relying on British help only, and raising his own funds privately. He worked alone with hardly anything in his pocket, doing the work now done by excavators with thousands of pounds behind them.

He threw new light on the life and crafts of Ancient Egypt. He discovered proofs of the truth of much we read of in the Bible. He knew as much of the life of Pharaoh's kingdoms as any man alive with him.

More than a generation since, when the Editor of the C N was bringing out a popular history of the world, he wrote to Professor Petrie and asked him how far back in time was the oldest definitely known fact of history. The professor replied that we could be sure of an actual event ten thousand years ago, and he was therefore, without realising it, the inspirer of one of the most successful book slogans of our time, for the new history was given ten thousand pictures, and the slogan "Ten thousand pictures of ten thousand years," displayed everywhere, made the book the biggest success of any history book ever known.

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Iscariot. He sought in vain for models for these, and week after week passed by and nothing was done. Then he had the good fortune to come upon a group of children playing, and the face of one of them deeply impressed the artist. It was exactly what he wanted. He was inspired, and took the little lad to his studio, where he sat day after day until the painter had set him in the picture as the boy Jesus.

But still the painter had a gap to fill. Months passed by and he found no model for Judas. He was so disappointed that he took the picture off the easel and gave up the search.

It happened that the story of the unfinished picture was spread abroad, and men who felt themselves to be evil-looking would call at the artist's house and offer themselves as Judas, but none of them suited the artist's ideas of a man perverted, weakened by greed and indulgence, dishonoured and possessed by the spirit of ugliness and evil. Years passed on, and the artist had not found a model for the traitor to mankind.

One night he was sitting in a tavern when a creature of shocking appearance staggered in. His degenerate face startled the painter; it was the face he had been looking for so long. He instantly rose and approached

the poor wretch, and said to him: "Come to my house and I will give you anything you want." This time the man was startled, but he followed the artist home, and the picture was put on the easel, and work begun on the last figure. It was a feverish, absorbing work, for the artist was inspired and the model was eager.

As the painter went on a change gradually came over the man; interest began to take the place of horror, and at last, as he sat there looking at the portrait, a look of unfathomable misery possessed the drunkard. The painter suddenly stopped his work, and said to his agitated model, "My friend, why not tell me of your troubles? Let me help you." The man broke down, burst into tears, and when he could speak again exclaimed: "Don't you recognise me? Do you mean you do not know me? I am the boy who sat for your Jesus."

It is a terrible story, but it is what may happen in the drama of our lives if we go through the world without a compass. They are happy and wise who mark out for themselves a straight path and pursue it whatever comes. So we keep our lives on an even keel. So we bear our country's burdens. So we keep burning the lamp of faith that no danger can dim and no calamity destroy. **Arthur Mee**

The Tidy Club

A PICNIC for boys and girls was held the other day in peaceful, leafy woods down in the West Country, but Master Litter Lout was not there. He was not invited.

When it was all over not a paper bag, not a wrapper, not a hard crusty bit could be found lying anywhere about. In fact, you could scarcely tell there had been a picnic at all, for these are tidy children. They belong to the Tidy Club, a most interesting and helpful little organisation which they formed 12 months ago.

FRENCH WEEK

Interesting links between English schools and young France of the future are being made by an enterprise of Les Volontaires Françaises of the Fighting French Forces, the equivalent of the English A T S.

Volontaires of the Corps are visiting various schools all over the country to learn about English pupils and school life, and to give in exchange an idea of life and education in France. These visits are usually the crowning event of a school's French Week, during which the attention of pupils is mainly directed towards France.

Not only does the French visitor take part in the school life, addressing the school or talking informally to groups of pupils, but she also visits the homes of some pupils so that she may learn of both English school and home life. In addition, most of the Volontaires spend their leave with English families.

BRIDGE BUILDERS

Four Northumbrian miners went to work one morning last winter and found the bridge over the River Wansbeck in ruins. It had been washed away by the flood. That meant an extra two miles to catch the bus. So the four men set to work to build a new bridge. It has a span of 120 feet, and was built in spare time.

THE GLOW OF THE SHOOTING STARS

When the Perseids come this month we hope to see them as glittering "shooting stars"; and so that we may rightly appreciate their glow and its cause a brilliant calculation just made will be a useful guide.

It is found that these tiny pebbles from the sky move into our atmosphere with a speed much exceeding that of a sound wave, but carrying their own shock wave as they move through the air. The shock wave does not quite touch the envelope of liberated gas round the meteor, which leaves a cone-shaped wave behind. The temperature of the meteoric pebble when it is fused by air friction rises to more than 200,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

A CREEK MYSTERY

The first thing people say when they pass Bohena Creek in New South Wales is "What has happened to the creek!" for it is nowhere to be seen.

It is a temperamental creek, for during the day its waters flow beneath a bed of sand, but at night it comes out of hiding and flows above it! Thirsty animals and birds know the peculiarities of the creek and get a drink with a few scratches of paw, hoof, or bill.

They all live in the same neighbourhood and make it their business to keep the district tidy by picking up bus tickets, cigarette cartons, scraps of paper, and other litter which selfish and careless folk still persist in throwing here and there.

They also help householders to keep tidy indoors, for they make periodical visits to collect waste paper, all of which goes to the mills.

All through the year they have made their presence felt in the district, and the picnic came as a little reward for being so tidy!

COCKROACH NEWS

Few people realise that the queer-looking brown beetle which is often called the May Bug by the countryman is a near relative of the black-beetle of ill-kept domestic interiors. The out-of-door cockroach has a short life and a merry one. He loves to fly about in the evening just now, and is not infrequently found descending bedroom chimneys and committing suicide by hitting the floor too hard to enable him to regain his equilibrium.

Cockroaches live on vegetable matter, and the indoor black-beetle likes to act as a scavenger.

Fourscore and Four

WE are all mindful of the splendid endurance and constancy of youth during these testing days; here is a word for one of the veterans. He is a gardener who, lean and alert, has throughout the war rendered his busy employer yeoman service in producing food as well as heartening flowers in the garden.

Everybody realised that he is advanced in years, but as he is a man of precise and rather stately manner no one had ventured to ask him his age. The other day, however, his master said to him, "What is this I hear, that you

intend to leave me and retire from work?" "Oh dear, no, sir, not this year, though I may have to give the matter my serious consideration next year," was the answer. "Next year? Why next year, then? How old are you?" asked his puzzled master. "Well, sir, next year I shall be 85; at present I am only 84!" replied the gallant old gardener.

KEEP DRY

When our present supply of rubber wears out, are we doomed to have cold and wet feet for the duration? It is comforting to remember that people managed to keep their feet dry long before goloshes were invented. An exhibit at Toronto Museum shows how they did it.

A thick sole of leather, cork, or wood was tied to the shoe; these extra soles were called clogs or pattens, and very often were raised on spikes or a metal ring, and the wearer was lifted right out of mud and wet.

In Italy during the 17th century the pattens became exaggerated in height, and the more important a lady was the farther she was from the pavement. Generally, however, the height was modest and quite practical.

DONKEY'S EIGHT-HOUR DAY

To protect the guileless donkeys who are being introduced at municipal parks and other respectable places to enliven our stay-at-home holidays the R S P C A has drawn up a Donkey's Charter. The protected donkey is to work not more than eight hours a day, with a complete holiday on Sunday, and is to have a reasonable lunch-time break for food, water, and unsaddling.

The wartime price of a sound donkey is said to be about £12.

PETRIFIED LIGHTNING

In the Chicago Museum are a number of fulgurites, which the geologists explain as fossil thunderbolts, created when a lightning flash came to earth in a bed of sand and burnt it up to this shape and form. Dr Bellarchi of the Electric Research Station has succeeded in reproducing these fossils of glassy solidified sand by directing a powerful electric discharge of 1000 amperes and many thousands of volts into a cylinder of pure quartz sand. The discharge occupies only nine-tenths of a second, but the cylinder, specially constructed, answers the purpose, and a modern artificial thunderbolt made of quartz emerges, fused at 5000 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE MAYOR ELECT

Croydon is to have a Labour Mayor for the first time in its history. He is Alderman Samuel Roden, who has had a varied career, having been a labourer on a sheep station in Australia, a school teacher, and a stoker on tramp steamers.

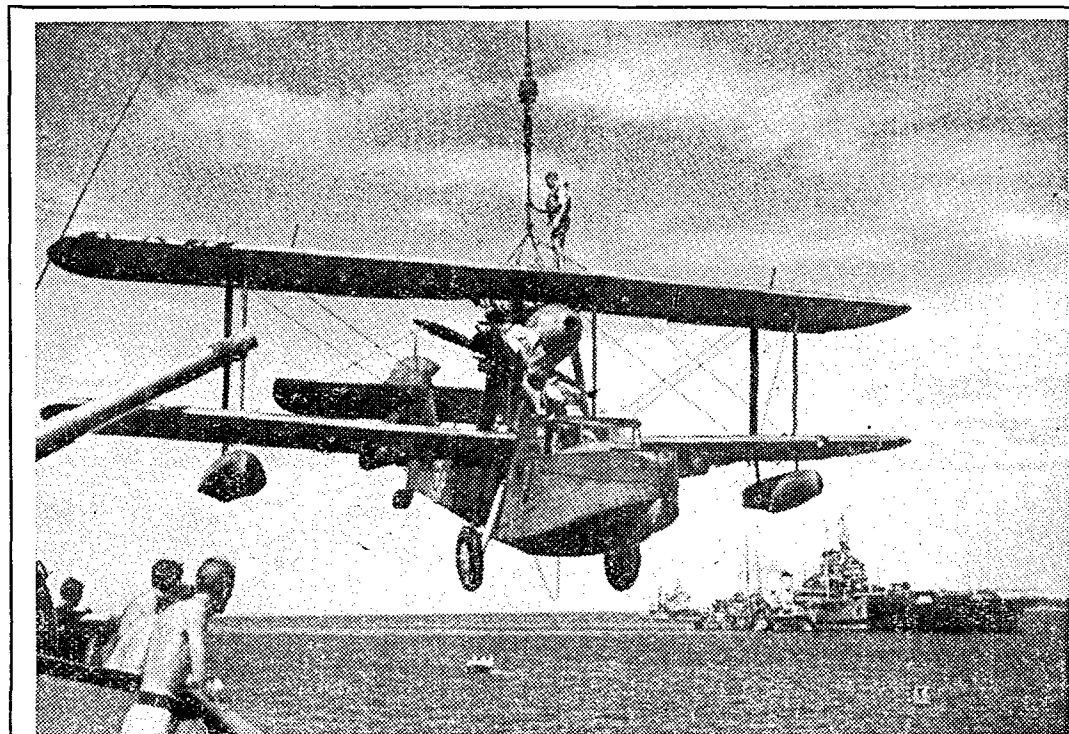
HEIL RUBENS!

We like the story of the two Belgians who met in a street in occupied Belgium. One greeted the other with, Heil Rubens!

Heil Rubens! replied the second Belgian.

A Nazi officer who happened to overhear them inquired, suspiciously. What is this Heil Rubens? What does it mean?

Oh, was the explanation, we Belgians have a famous painter, too!



Amphibian Goes Aboard

Hauling aboard HMS Warspite a Walrus plane which can operate from land or water

A Nitrogen Spring

A Mount Cook geologist in Nebraska has stumbled on a well of nitrogen. The geologist was drilling for water, and at 150 feet deep came on a pocket of nitrogen streaming out at high pressure. The spring was sealed, and the nitrogen is now being bottled under still higher pressure in refrigerated steel drums, and being sent to US factories.

FATE OF A VILLAGE

The Germans have entirely blotted out a village in Norway, a punishment of the whole community for the shooting of two Gestapo assassins. The 120 men and lads from the village of Telavaag were sent as slaves to Germany, the 150 women have been interned, and the children have been put into institutions away from all chance of seeing their parents. In the village were 79 houses, and all were burned to the ground, a poster being set up saying that settling in this area is forbidden. A little village is now a Nazi wilderness.

THE HIGH-WAGE BOY

A panel of the Ministry of Works has investigated many complaints of high wages being paid to boys acting as labourers in the building trade. The high rates paid in some cases were due to the payment of bonuses to boys as though they were men, but a fresh scheme has been introduced which makes it almost impossible for a boy to earn more than £4 10s a week.

This is a good thing, and we hope to hear less of boys driven into disgrace and extravagance by the payment of sums which have no relation to the work.

STORY

A taximan, stopping his taxi at the door of the Artists Aid to Russia Exhibition, paid his shilling and asked to "see the lady." The organiser of the exhibition came up and the taximan said he was an artist, but "where would we be without the Russians?" and would she add these three pounds to the funds?

Seven Points

The war is leading politicians to revise their party programme, and we may expect to see many wide alterations submitted by enthusiasts of all colours. The general feature is aiming at social security for all.

Here, for example, are the points of a seven-point programme for social and economic security which will in due course be submitted by the executive at the Liberal Party Assembly at Westminster next month:

National minimum wage;
National system of family allowances;

Comprehensive social insurance;

Better housing for all families at rents they can afford;

Equal educational opportunities;

Medical service for all;

Full provision to enable all to spend their leisure in ways which will lead to their greatest happiness and well-being.

The Wheels of Government Are Too Slow

It is good news to hear that the City of London and the LCC are partners in a plan to rebuild London as it should be.

There is naturally great interest in the plans that have been drawn up for discussion, which include provision for a glorious setting for St Paul's, free from

the motley collection of undistinguished buildings all round it. It was felt that these plans would greatly interest the public and be of much value to many bodies, but the Town Planning Committee of the City is not able to publish them lest selfish groups of people should step in and thwart the

scheme by buying up land for profit afterwards. If the Government would fix a basic price for land the plans could be published, but for some reason beyond understanding the Government will not act.

The Government wheels move much too slowly.

August 15, 1942

The Children

The EDITOR'S TABLE

SCIENCE & VICTORY

VISCOUNT SAMUEL has rendered a great national service by calling attention to the round-about way in which scientific ideas are brought into action to help the war. There are far too many Committees, says Lord Samuel; and most people will agree.

It is highly desirable that there should be quick contact between the best scientific minds of the nation and the War Cabinet. Without science no nation can win the war, or even carry it on for a single day. With the full aid of science, brought to bear as rapidly and as widely as possible, it is likely that victory will be greatly speeded up.

Often it has been said that science can save the world, and it is perfectly true that there is no single department of our national life that counts more in these days. All we need is to harness it fully and in the best possible ways.

God's Work

WE like that story our friend The Countryman tells in its latest quarterly:

*Mummie, what is God's work?
Oh, I know—He saves our
gracious King!*

The Lost Chord

WE have become familiar in these days with attempts to prove that great men were little men and little men great, that good things are bad and bad things good: it is part of the attempt to turn things upside-down.

But we confess we were unprepared for an attack on Sullivan's Lost Chord as a bad tune. It seems that it does not respond to certain technicalities of music, has no vital rhythm and no dramatic justification. Most of us will doubtless think that, if this is so, it is all the worse for the technicalities, and will go on believing The Lost Chord to be among the finest tunes ever conceived by musical genius.

JUST AN IDEA

*Do not tolerate a superstition:
it will grow until it makes a fool
of you.*

Under the Editor's Table

THE Army must have fair play, says a writer. A soldier's life shouldn't be all work.

A GIRL failed in an examination because she used too many dashes in her essay. Hard lines.

A BANK sells flowers for charity. Must be a bank of flowers.

A MAN who got a concert ready in a hurry said it was touch and go. Nobody could stop him.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If postmen
go from pillar to post

Too many key positions are held by people without brains. They serve their turn.

AN actor says he has made Shakespeare pay. He should have left that to the audience.

SOME libraries have a stamp corner for children. But no child may corner the stamps.

SIGNALLING is a job for experts. You can't do it with a wave of the hand.

There Is No Easy Road

A CORNISH lad said he was going to be a farmer. "Oh, yes," he exclaimed. "A farmer's life for me—out in the open, plenty of milk, butter, eggs, and cream. A farmer's life for me!"

He went to stay on a farm, one of those delightful old-world homesteads nestling in a dip of the Cornish hills. The old weather-beaten farmer, under whose great brown hands the crops of forty years and more had been sown and harvested, heard of the lad's ambition and decided to put him to a little test.

He said to Tommy one morning, "I want you to go out into the fields with John and pull charlock. John will show you what to do." That was all right, cried the boy excitedly; a farmer's life for him.

Dinner-time came and Tommy returned to the farmhouse looking rather miserable. Putting one hand behind his bent and aching back, and holding out the other to show the skin broken and torn, he said to the farmer in a subdued tone, "Is this what you call farm life?"

"Well, it's part of it, my boy," was the reply. "Then I'm going home," said Tommy; "I've had enough! No more farmer's life for me!"

Then the farmer explained to Tommy, very kindly, that there was no easy road to anywhere worth while, that nothing of real value is achieved without effort and cost. The road to every honourable career demands the work of hand and brain, patience, courage, endurance. Often it is an uphill climb all the way.

THE men and women who have been of real service to mankind, the farmer told Tommy, have been those valiant spirits who worked day and night for the realisation of

their dreams, stood firm when everything seemed against them, mastered troubles, never faltered in the path of duty, and faced the future with confidence and unafraid.

When Columbus set sail to discover a continent he knew it was no easy way. For days on end with no sign of land ahead, he wrote just two immortal words in his diary, "Sailed on," and in the fullness of time the New World was found.

A FEW months ago some Norwegian seamen decided to make a dash for freedom. They knew they would be exposed to mines, bombs, bullets, and torpedoes in order to bring their ships safe to England. It was no easy way! Before they set sail one of them wrote this Order of the Day:

*So let us merchant seamen
shape a westerly course in good
heart, counting it an excellent
privilege that we have been
chosen by Providence to man
these ships in the immortal cause
of Freedom. God speed our ships
upon this venture.*

Of the ten gallant ships not all came safely into harbour, but by their resolute courage these seafarers displayed the unconquerable spirit of men and women who, on the road to some lofty purpose, steadfastly weather the storms, face unflinchingly perils seen and unseen, and loyally endure to the end.

WE are realising more than ever that the path to Peace, Justice, Liberty, and Freedom is no easy road. The going is hard, stern, exacting—a road of "blood, sweat, and tears."

Nevertheless, thank God, after three years of war, we still fight on against the forces of evil and the powers of darkness, and, in the words of the Prime Minister, "We shall drive on to the end and do our duty, win or die. God helping us, we can do no other." Drive on to the new and better world which, please God, will be ours and for all enslaved humanity when we have reached the end of the hard, hard road.

Thieves About

IT is deplorable to hear that there is so much dishonesty in these days. London Transport has announced that it loses every year over 150,000 knives, forks, spoons, and cups in the canteens it runs for its workers, and that the cost of replacing is £8000 a year.

It seems a small thing, no doubt, to take a spoon, but it is stealing, and whoever does it is a thief.



Canadian Lumberjacks

Foresters of a Canadian battalion stacking timber which has been felled in the construction of an aerodrome in Southern England

The Refugees & 100 Industries

NEVER in the history of the world have so many pathetic little bundles been carried by evacuating peoples as since the Nazi persecution fell on Poland.

It all began with the refugees, those long, limping processions of homeless creatures in flight. Ceaselessly tramping for mile on weary mile, those aching feet followed the long, long road as ever behind came on the Nazi terror. On their backs, like beasts of burden, these lamentable people carried their bundles.

It has been the same in every country desecrated by the Nazi heel. Rarely, however, have evacuating peoples embarked on enforced migrations without hurriedly gathering a few treasures together and bearing them away. The craftsman, too, will take his tools and equipment with him on the march, thus enabling him to continue his art in the new country to which he turns his face.

THE MOUSE IN THE COCONUT

THE coconuts hanging outside the window are sources of attraction for the tits, those dapper, quick-limbed little acrobats whose odd gestures and clever antics are always entertaining, writes a correspondent.

We do not see so much of them at home nowadays, but in winter, when food supplies are at a low ebb, the coconuts are in constant demand, the birds staying longer and rarely leaving without giving a few gymnastic performances.

The 17th century witnessed the historic flight of the Huguenots from France to this country, but they did not come empty-handed. They brought their bundles, their looms, their knitting-frames. They brought the silk-weaving industry to Spitalfields. They brought the arts of dyeing, glass-making, and paper-making hitherto little known in England. Some were woollen spinners, others weavers of tapestry, and others again expert potters.

In like manner over 100 new industries have been established by refugees since this war began.

For some, invasion came so suddenly that they had to abandon all thought of carrying away the instruments of their craft but not even the Nazis could rob them of their ideas, and when they reached our shores the Government not only welcomed them with unbounded hospitality but provided capital, equipment, and premises so that they could continue their work unhindered.

But there is one coconut which is avoided as though it is a thing of evil. One morning a tiny brown head with a pair of small bright eyes peeped out of it, then a thin body appeared, and a wee curly tail! Yes, it was a mouse that had come in from the pastures. It crept out of the tit's larder, climbed the cord, and darted away like a shadow.

Although the unwelcome brown guest has not been seen since, nothing seems to induce the tits to sample that coconut again.

Our 20 Centuries

WE speak of the Twentieth Century as if the world were young—and young it is in the history written in books. Perhaps for a hundred centuries we have recorded history.

But only for twenty-five centuries or thereabouts have we a history that lives and moves and thrills us as if it were a piece of human life, and generally we date historic days from that event in Palestine which we may speak of as dividing Time itself, the birth of Jesus.

WE are in the Twentieth Century since then, and it is interesting in these eventful days to look back and see the way men have come since Christ was born. What have these twenty centuries given to mankind? We may be disappointed; it may seem to us a bitter thing that the world stands where it does when it might have been so like a paradise.

But a world with hundreds of millions of people, strangers speaking many tongues, stirred by selfish interests, menaced by perils often beyond its control, emerging slowly through ignorance and superstition, with wondrous powers developing in some parts, and savagery and hatred and disease in other parts, is not a bed of roses.

THINKING of what the world was, and looking back on just a few of the gifts of these twenty centuries, the heart of a man must be lifted up to know how much has been accomplished in less than fifty lifetimes. Week by week we will pick out twenty great steps forward since Christ was born.

FIRST CENTURY

The Wonderful Thing That Happened

WHEN Jesus was born in Bethlehem, no one alive had any notion of the light that had come into the world.

Nor was it at all plain when He died that He would be remembered for more than a few years by a few poor fishermen, carpenters, and other humble folk. That the greatest gift of all the ages had passed through the world was hidden for a long time from the powerful and learned; and when they perceived it most of them did their best to betray His teaching, and to turn it to their advantage.

In the name of Him who dwelt upon the deceitfulness of riches were set up institutions

whose aim it was to amass wealth and achieve power.

Still, in spite of all the obstacles which organised Christianity has put in the way of bringing about Christ's Kingdom upon earth, we have advanced, though not steadily, not quickly, nor very far, towards those ideals which the Man of Galilee set before us with such tender sympathy, so persuasive an appeal. History is either the record of that advance or else it has no meaning at all. Let us see if we can disentangle from the confusion of it the steps that have been taken, century by century, in the way of making the world what Christ would have it to be.

SECOND CENTURY

Great Gifts the Romans Brought to Us

THE gifts the Romans brought to Britain were those which still mark their steps wherever they went.

They brought among the ancient Britons order and discipline, the arts which introduce comfort and ease into daily life, architecture of a solid kind, architecture on a more careful and profitable scale than prevailed before. They showed how the country could be improved by draining marshes, by clearing forest-land, by making harbours. They taught how to mine for iron, lead, and tin; how to make glass and pottery. They built walled towns in place of the groups of wattle huts of the Britons, and carried on an over-sea trade, building ships to carry to Rome pearls from British oysters, grain, iron, horses, dogs, and cargoes of slaves.

Returning ships brought silks and gold and precious stones and other luxuries, which induced the rich Britons to adopt Roman ways, though the mass of the people remained much as they were.

These Britons were Celts, the forefathers of the Irish, the Welsh, and the Scottish Highlanders, who still keep alive the language that was spoken then. They had learned men among them; men skilled in making verses and carving in wood and stone. They had laws of a simple nature and judges to do justice. They worshipped a number of gods and goddesses, and believed that the soul was immortal. But they had few ideas beyond fighting and feasting, and for all their courage and eloquence they were too quarrelsome and had too little enterprise ever to make much progress.

Therefore, the Romans were helpful to the land which they subdued and held for between three and four hundred years, and in due course they planted Christianity in it, which, although it was a little later on rooted out, left an influence which could not be destroyed, and was of value when England turned to the Faith after her long subjection to paganism.

CARRY ON

Adam and Eve Leave Paradise

IN either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the Eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Last words of Paradise Lost

THE TWO BUILDERS

A BUILDER built his house with special care and love,
But soon the bricks below complained of those above;
Why should we bear, they said, the weight of all the others,
We are all made of clay and therefore we are brothers?
There is a greater Builder still, whom no one sees,
Who built this world of ours and shapes our destinies;
And those poor fools who see but gloomy clouds each day,
Are not less poor and blind than these dead bricks of clay.

E. Oxburgh

Light of the World

LIGHT of the world, for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of Life all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.
Thou hast aris'n, but Thou declinest never,
Today shines as the past!
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever:
Brightness from first to last.
Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness,
Day fills up all its blue,
Unfading beauty and unfaltering gladness,
And Love for ever new.
Light of the world, undimming and unsetting,
Oh, shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day.

Horatius Bonar

A PRAYER BY R L S

GIVE us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind, strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving one to another.

Faithful In Man's Darkest Hour

THE one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take

wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death. Senator Vest, U S A

My Heart's in the Highlands

My heart's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands
a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands,
wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
Farewell to the mountains, high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

Robert Burns

Portrait of a Good Man

IN all these years this modest man, this good fellow who had always a smile, and a friendly word, and a bit of good counsel and an immeasurable self-sacrifice, was the finest type of Englishman who ever held a pen. Let every Down-and-Out in Fleet Street weep, for their best friend is dead.

There is nothing he would not do for them. His was the charity that suffereth long and is always kind. He believed in everybody a little; nobody was too hopeless. Long ago there

was a ne'er-do-well in Fleet Street who flitted in and out of offices, on and off papers, disappearing and appearing again until most people were sick of him; but not our Knight-Errant. To the last of these disappearances he believed, and in the end the news came that the Stella had gone down and a woman had cried out for a place in the boat. A man got out and made room; it was the disappearing ne'er-do-well.

Tribute to Arthur St John Adcock 12 years ago



Tobias Atkinson is ninety this month and carries on with work on his son's farm at Old Hutton in Westmorland.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell's First Adventure

It is just fifty years since a young doctor from the London Hospital sailed off across the Atlantic in a 90-ton vessel. It was the same size as the ship which took John Cabot out of Bristol in 1497, and it went to the same port, St Johns in Newfoundland. The young doctor was Wilfred Grenfell.

He had served his apprenticeship as doctor among the fishermen on the Dogger Bank, and was chosen by the Deepsea Mission to visit the fishermen of Labrador and report on the conditions prevailing.

What was his surprise on approaching the harbour to see dense columns of smoke arising and feel the off-shore wind growing hotter and hotter as they worked their way between the steep cliffs into the harbour! The whole city was in flames.

The Doctor Arrives

But, spite of all, the young doctor was able to replenish his stores, get his bearings, and start off in a few days for the North. It was 400 miles before he arrived among the fishing schooners, over a thousand in number, with some 30,000 fishermen carrying on the cod fishery off the rugged bays and islands of Labrador.

The word went round that a small hospital ship had arrived with a doctor aboard, and broken limbs and burns and injuries were soon alongside with many festering sores which could easily have been put right if they had been properly treated at once. Evening was setting in, and the rush was over; when the doctor saw a miserable bunch of boards serving as a boat. A half-clad boy was on board and pulled alongside:

"Be you a real doctor?" he asked.

"That's what I call myself!"

"Us hasn't got no money, but there's a very sick man ashore, if so be you'd come and see him."

It was a sod-covered hovel, floored with pebbles; the walls of heaped sod were damp and chilly. Half a dozen rough bunks were built against the walls, and in one of these the sick father was coughing his soul out. He had pneumonia and high fever. A few words of advice, some medicine, and packets of food was all that could be done.

Already, on the first day, Grenfell had made up his mind that there must be a hospital on shore with trained nurses. As it was, the nearest hospital was over 400 miles to the south. This patient could never have lived to reach it. Nine hundred cases were treated on this first visit, but it seemed nothing compared with what remained to be done. Deformities remained untreated. The crippled and blind halted through life. Tuberculosis, rickets, beri-beri, went unchecked. Ignorance fostered the trouble, for there was practically no education.

All this had to be tackled, and there was no one but Grenfell to tackle it. To begin with, the seas had never been charted. "I find out where the sunken reefs are," said the doctor, "by running into them." There were no lighthouses and no lifeboat stations. Governments would not listen to him, and had no money in any case. Grenfell and his friends got together the

material for a lighthouse, but the Government stopped them.

There was no slip-dock or dry dock in any of the northern harbours, and nothing nearer than St Johns. A schooner which needed repairs had to face a voyage of 300 miles or more, exposed to the Atlantic, and was in no condition to face it. In any case the time expended on the voyage and repairs meant the loss of the season, for the ice on the Arctic current starts in September. From September till June Labrador is cut off from the mainland. There are no crops, for no seed can be sown till July.

A Hard Life

Wild berries grow abundantly, but no other fruit. All flour and other foodstuffs have to be imported and to pay duty. There are no cows and few sheep, for the wolves attack them, and in attacking sheep the Eskimo dogs are as bad as wolves. But dogs they must have for all haulage over ice and snow in winter. The men live by fishing and fur hunting—seals, foxes, mink. For both fishing and hunting men need outfit. The merchant provides this in advance, repaying himself from the salted fish and furs at the end of the season. For this repayment the merchant has the first claim on the catch. The fishermen cannot sell in open market till the merchant's claim is satisfied. Grenfell found that in practice the fishermen were all the time in debt, and saw that the only way of deliverance was through cooperation.

The question of garden produce he tackled by providing glass-houses and growing the cabbage plants to the size of ten inches or so before planting them out at latest in July, when growth was so rapid that the cabbage or lettuce were ready in September.

Another help came to his hospital patients when American students gave up their holidays to perform hard navy work. They provided water and power supply; they built wharves and the dry dock at St Anthony, which was the mission base. They manned the mission boats and were handy men wherever needed. The girls were nurses and teachers.

Helping the Children

Some of the best doctors and professors gave their services too, all volunteers, and paying their own expenses. It was some of these who volunteered to teach craftwork to patients in the hospitals. Children found that it made all the difference when they were able to make toys and rugs and do embroidery in hospital; it not only made the time fly, but helped their recovery, and most of them became so clever that they were able to send money to help out at home.

Some day you will read Sir Wilfred Grenfell's life, full of adventure, full of serious purpose, yet full of fun. It is not often you hear of a missionary jumping overboard in mid-ocean to field a cricket ball. You will read of him at Marlborough School, wearing on Sunday the flowers his mother sent him every week from home. He was as keen as the keenest on sport, and won his Blue for football at Oxford.

Grand reading it is, but greater than reading it would be if you could save up enough money to take a holiday in Labrador with the young American students and lend a hand to the International association that bears Sir Wilfred Grenfell's noble name.

Storm Over Dovedale

An old friend of the C N who has made it his life-work to stir up national interest in Dovedale (the most exquisitely English piece of England, as we once called it) has been staying there, and was in the Manifold and Dovedale Sanctuary when three fierce storms came in one day, followed by a rainbow glowing over this great scene as if to seal its natural beauty with Nature's radiant crown. We take what follows from the description of the valley in the storm written by Mr F. A. Holmes of Buxton.

HERE in the heart of our country are the scenes that Neolithic Man and Early Britons looked upon. From the summit of Thor's Cave is an imposing view that very few Englishmen know of, everything within range from this thousand-foot elevation being on the grand scale, the embodiment of inaccessibility, featuring towering rocks and precarious pinnacles, with limestone water-worn minarets of bold architecture, culminating in rifts and steep gorges; an epitome of beauty—amid the intense silence of an enchanted land.

In the varying seasons the valley is decorated with the wild profusion of primroses which grow everywhere, the flora by the side of the pedestrian track, and in the wooded dells, and by the many rivulets, the wild pansies, marguerites, and forests of bluebells, the golden gorse covering the hillsides, the showy thistle heads, the long row of hawthorn blossom close by Wetton Mill, and the witchery of colour associated with the English wild rose—one of the outstanding charms of the countryside, so decorative, so gay, and yet so fragile.

In one short week these fairy wild rose bushes with their bridal ornamentation are here, and then rapidly pass away—one particularly gaudy bush within my sight was so full of bloom that you could hardly discern the green leaves for the pink roses.

Country Rain

Have you ever considered the magnetic charm and differences of rain in the country and rain in the town? There old Ecton Hill is enveloped in a rainstorm of singular denseness; at the moment it is the heavy, straight rain; the air is as still as the silences of the tomb, the luxuriance of the newly-washed trees shows up their emerald green foliage. Not a leaf stirs, not a motion in the branches. The freshly-mown fields, gathered in the wind and sun of yesterday, strike out in vivid contrast to the deeper green of the uncut meadows and the grazing lands.

All Nature is refreshed and renewed again. Brooks, rivulets, and rivers rise sharply, speeding joyfully on their way, and the flower-bedecked gullies and ravines in our valley stand out conspicuously in the wide, rolling landscapes. All the flowers of the farmhouse garden reach out to greet the gorgeous downfall, which at the moment is incessant, and apparently never-ending—as a matter of fact it is increasing in volume until pools and miniature lakes arise in the farmyard, on the gravel walk, and in the low-lying lands bordering on the Manifold Valley.

The trout and grayling in the stream are luxuriating in the now swiftly flowing waters descending so quickly off the drainage ground on the Axe Edge and Morridge heights. The Manifold

is one of the quickest English rivers to increase its volume. It rushes down the steep, tumultuous heights, over the gritstone boulders, tumbling gleefully down the numerous cascades, swirling by the banks of fern, brushing the purple heather growing dangerously near its steep banks, and renewing the tall, slender, decorative foxgloves amid the ferns, which at this season of the year add so much charm to the countryside, making our simple landscapes unrivalled in the world.

Glories of Nature

But the rain still continues, bright periods intervene, and in between the showers fleeting shadows float through a watery sky, surrounded by cumulus clouds of surpassing beauty and architecture, while the mists of the early morning dance gossamer-like around the valley and finally split up against the hills.

The sunrise and sunset effects, amid the intense silences of the Manifold Valley, are a combination of the glories of Nature in its most radiant form. The artist who faithfully reproduced them, or caught the inspiration of the painted gallery of the heavens, would become immortal. From the pinnacle of the hills the early morning scene presents a wilderness of beauty; conspicuous in the rolling landscapes are the many tall church spires which send their slender reminders into the vault of heaven. The fleecy, sun-tipped clouds sail triumphantly, rioting in tumultuous wilderness up the gullies and the great silent spaces in both valleys.

The sunsets over the Manifold hills, the unexaggerated attraction of the rocky limestone bastions in the valley, the alertness and erratic character of the sinuous river, the uniqueness of tree planting by stream and hilltop, all point to this signally beautiful area as being greatly favoured by Nature.

These are the scenes which now pass before me in the country, despite the rain. Not a soul is in sight amid the magnificence of the sentinel hills standing out on the horizon like huge pyramids protecting the world-famous valleys of the Dove and the Manifold, in future to have yet greater fame in the recorded history of the land we love so well.

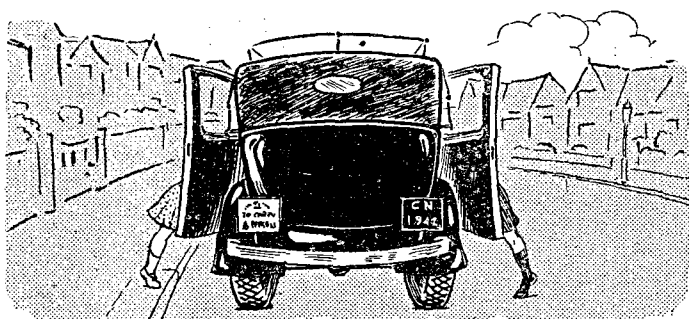
War Essays

America has hit on an excellent way of finding talent among boys and girls to help in the war. A task has been set to young people in High Schools to write a 1000-word essay on "How science can help to win the war."

The 40 best essayists will be given a trip to Washington, and there will be 18 prizes of £40 each for the best essays, and two special scholarships, one for a boy and one for a girl, of £480 for the topmost essays.

BEDTIME CORNER

Two in a Taxi



DADDY was in a great hurry.

"Are there any taxis on the rank, Ellie?" he called.

"One," Ellie called back, as she put her head out of the window. "I'll keep it for you," she added; and in a twinkling she was running along the road as fast as her legs would carry her.

"Hi! Taxi!" she cried.

"Taxi! Taxi!" cried another voice.

It came from Chris Newcome. The children were neighbours, but they had never spoken.

They were both running towards the taxi, and both reached it at the very same moment. Ellie pulled at one door and Chris at the other, and in they jumped.

Bump! went two small

heads as the owners collapsed on the seat.

Chris burst out laughing. But Ellie, rubbing her head, cried: "You must get out. I'm keeping this taxi for my daddy."

"And I want it for my daddy," Chris said. "He has to catch a train."

"So has my daddy," insisted Ellie, her face growing pinker every minute.

"Here, here!" cried the taximan, grinning at them through his little window. "If your daddies both want to go to the station they can share, can't they?"

Of course they could. And that is just what they did. And when Ellie and Chris had waved them good-bye they went back home together, the best of friends.

The Children's Newspaper, August 15, 1942

The Pirate King of Iceland

EVERYTHING seems to show that the happiest relations prevail between the people of Iceland and the British and American military forces protecting them from Nazi aggression.

The time has been when, through no fault of ours, a very different story had to be reported—one of the strangest stories in history, with a Dane as the central figure.

Jorgen Jorgenson, son of a Copenhagen watchmaker, was a Viking born a thousand years too late. Coming to England during the Napoleon wars, he served first in our mercantile marine, and next in our Navy, then, returning home, fought against us in an action which led to his capture and voyage to London as a prisoner of war. Released, he sailed in 1809 with an armed English merchantman to Iceland, with which he was already familiar through having acted there as an interpreter.

Iceland being then a Danish possession, the islanders were forbidden to trade with the English ship. Thereupon Jorgenson landed at the head of a dozen armed men, carried off the governor of the island to captivity, issued a proclamation declaring Iceland free of Denmark, made himself king, and declared England the Protecting Power of the Island. For two months he reigned "royally," making use of the time to com-

mandeer all the wealth of the island for the use of the "State chest," as he said. At the end of that time, news of the astonishing usurpation having reached England, a British sloop of war was sent to Iceland. Jorgenson was deposed, the island was restored to its lawful possessors, and for the second time Jorgenson, a king no longer, was brought captive to London. Nothing in the way of punishment was inflicted, and he lived on here year after year, writing books and living on his wits.

His end was as inglorious as his earlier career had been sensational. The man who lives in history through his theft of an island kingdom one-third larger than all Scotland, went out of history through stealing the spoons and other belongings of the people with whom he lodged.

He had escaped punishment for his major crime, but our laws at that time were drastically severe for lesser offences, and Jorgen Jorgenson, Iceland's so-called king, left England for the last time in 1829, a convicted thief, under sentence of transportation for life. Tasmania received him and Europe knew him no more, and so ended his tale.

THE RETRIEVING CAT

DURING a recent discussion, it was said that whereas any dog can be taught to retrieve, fetch, and carry, no cat can. This brought both contradiction and confirmation.

A lady has a cat which, at a signal from its mistress, dashes upstairs and creeps along a narrow shelf, which, jutting from the wall and meant to carry vases and the like, runs from above the stairhead the length of the hall. The cat having crouched on the shelf, its mistress throws up a fleecy ball, which the animal catches with its

paws and throws down to her. This having been repeated several times, the ball is then flung on to the landing at the head of the stairs. Thereupon the cat backs its way from the shelf, seizes the ball in its mouth, and carries it down to the lady, then rushes upstairs again to the landing to await a second cast of the ball to the same place. Each time the ball is thrown the cat brings it down, retrieving perfectly until its mistress tires.

So, after all, cats can be taught to retrieve, though no dog would believe such a thing possible.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts.

Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

SHORTER HOURS

THERE is great cause for cheerfulness in the hint given to the House of Commons the other day by Mr Bevin, the Minister of Labour, that we have now reached a stage in production where he might be able to consider some modification in the hours of work, particularly those of women and young people. This we might expect, when we think of the enormous number now conscripted and the falsity of seeking good results from overwork.

One Member of Parliament quoted to the House the case of a friend of his who told him that he had cut hours of work by ten every week, and as a result production had improved.

Miss Megan Lloyd-George said it was not sufficiently appreciated that many women had to do two jobs—to work and run their homes. Some, after working a 12-hour period, with an hour of travelling in addition, had to prepare their own meals at home.

Mr Bevin himself is all for cheerfulness and progress in welfare work. Production, he declares, is a question of rhythm, organisation, and consistency. He points out how much good work is now being done in war factories by doctors, nurses, canteens, concerts, and other agencies, and hopes that such work will increase and improve after the war.

BBC Brains

The BBC has never been off the air for a single minute since the war began. The German radio is often off the air during a raid, but the BBC has been able to devise a secret method of carrying on without giving the enemy a chance of discovering its whereabouts. Clearly there is a silent Brains Trust inside the BBC, whatever we may think of the talkative one.

Next Week's Children's Hour

The BBC Children's Hour will open at 5.20 on Sunday evening, August 16, with another of Violet Campbell's animal stories. It will be called Monsieur Piquard, and will contain a surprise. What Shall We Sing Today? which follows, tells of the writing of certain hymns and shows how they should be sung.

On Monday at 5.45 we shall hear from the Zoo Man.

At 5.30 on Tuesday J. O. Thomas will be heard on Farming at School; and at 5.45 there will be a most interesting talk on Bees, in which Reginald Gamble, John Snagge, Michael Standing and Derek McCulloch will be heard broadcasting from a beehive somewhere in the country.

Tom Moore Sings at Bowood is a play by Norah Richardson about the famous Irish poet. It will be heard at 5.20 on Wednesday and, as the title suggests, there will be some singing.

On Thursday at 5.20 Part 4 of Sampson's Circus will be given. In this instalment, We Join the Circus, the Three Semis will be heard singing.

The Fairy Child, a fairy story by Alison Uttley, opens the programme at 5.20 on Friday. It will be followed by some gramophone records and L. Hugh Newman on What's on the Wing This Month?

The Children's Hour for Saturday August 22 will take us back to our Granny's day, for R. Gordon MacCallum has arranged an old-fashioned pierrot show.

News From Gilbert Islands

We were writing in the C N the other day of the Rev Alfred Sadd, the lonely Englishman on the Gilbert Islands in the Pacific, and we are glad to have direct news of him from his mother, who sends us this extract from the last letter received from Mr Sadd, dated February 13. At that time his station (Beru) had not been taken by the Japs, but we understand that it has since been damaged by the enemy.

It is rather humorous to be sitting comfortably listening to the radio and hear it announced that Japan is now in possession of the Gilbert Islands. The only trouble is, of course, that the report may be merely ante-dating a foregone conclusion. However, it would appear that up to the present they have considered us beneath their notice. A great insult, of course, at which we take much umbrage.

In the meanwhile things are going on very peacefully here, almost as if nothing much had happened. Periodically we get frantic radios from high officials who have not the least idea what they are talking about pressing us to go down to Fiji by boat. But personally I have no intention of leaving the Gilberts unless the Board of the London Missionary Society tell me to go, or unless the Japs take me by force; and, what with one thing and another, no one else seems all that keen on making the trip.

The fact is that the war really has quite a few advantages. There are no mails and no ships,

and no journey to upset the even run of life; one is able to get more work done than has been possible for a long time. I had the annual accounts all finished and a fair copy made for London before the end of the first week in February, which is very good going indeed. Now I am getting a few odd jobs cleared up, and then I hope to be able to get down to a spot of really good translation work. The only trouble is that the printing office is nearly out of ink.

It would appear that there is not likely to be much more shortage of food. We have a fairly big stock of flour and rice, which are really the only necessary things to eke out a diet of what can be obtained locally. My nanny goat is doing splendidly from the point of view of being in good condition, only unfortunately the billy goat is on Tarawa, and there is no shipping, so it is absolutely impossible to get down again. However, my pigs are doing fairly well, and I have got the process of curing bacon to quite a fine art.



SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS

No. 2 Captain Scott

The Polar Explorer of undying fame



In June 1910, Captain Scott set sail from England in the 'Terra Nova' accompanied by a small band of explorers, with the avowed intention of being the first men to reach the South Pole. You're probably familiar with the epic story of their bravery, the long marches through the biting blizzards, the calm courage with which they faced incredible hardships.

Did you know that Captain Scott and his party were sustained by steaming cups of Fry's Cocoa and by munching Fry's Chocolate? Captain Scott wrote: 'Crunching those elaborate chocolates brought one nearer to civilization than anything we experienced sledging.'



Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests

The BRAN TUB

AS ONE MIGHT SAY

IT was a hot afternoon, and little David noticed that his skin was beginning to peel. For a time he studied this curious transformation with surprise, and then he said, "Mummy, I'm coming unwrapped."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening no planets are visible; in the morning Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 8 on Sunday evening, August 16.

Risk

A KINDLY old gentleman was walking down the High Street when he saw a small boy crying. "What is the matter, my little man?" he asked. "Are you lost?" "Yes," sobbed the boy; "but I ought to have known better than to come out with my big brother—he's always losing something."

Jacko Goes Up in the World



JACKO had made himself a pair of stilts, and was soon able to walk about on them as easy as winking. He dressed himself up one morning in Father's dressing-gown and an old hat he had pinched from a scarecrow, and hopped off to give someone a surprise. Chimp got the surprise; but, as ill-luck would have it, Father Jacko, looking out of the window, recognised the dressing-gown—and the fun was over.

Boy Wanted

"You want three pounds a week? Why, boy, this surely must be fun! Why, when I first became a clerk They paid me only one."

Holding the door ajar he said (This boy of humble birth); "But when they paid you one, perhaps 'Twas all that you were worth!"

HEAVY SHOWER

EVERY day more than 300 cubic miles of water falls on the surface of the Earth as rain. This represents a weight of 16 million tons a second.

Do You Live at Winchester?

THE Romans called this place Venta Belgarum. Venta being the Latin form of the British gwent, an open country, and Belgarum meaning of the Belgae, the people of that name. Later a Roman castra, or fortified camp, was set up at the place, and so we get the name Winte-ceaster, gradually changing to Winchester, and meaning the fort on the plain or open country.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A FARMER once went to Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, and asked him if he might look at the Moon through his telescope.

"By all means," said Sir Robert. "Come round to-night and you shall see it."

"Can't I see it now?" asked the farmer disappointedly.

"No; I'm afraid it's not visible now."

"Oh, then it's no use my coming; I can see it for myself at night without a telescope."

Proverbs About Truth

TRUTHS and roses have thorns about them.

Truth will sometimes break out unlooked for.

Truth seeks no corners.

Truth never grows old.

Truth may be blamed but shall not be shamed.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well.

Truth is truth though spoken by an enemy.

Truth is stranger than fiction.

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.

DONE ON PURPOSE

THE countryman was being examined by an army doctor. "You say you have never had an accident?" asked the doctor, puzzled.

"That's so."

"Well, then, how did you get this scar on the thigh?"

"Oh, that was when a bull tossed me."

"And don't you call that an accident?"

"No, that wasn't an accident. The bull did it on purpose."

Agreed

PIPED a Bat, "I refuse to go out while this horrible sunshine's about!"

And an Owl who lived near Gave a hearty "Hear! Hear!" For he felt as the Bat did, no doubt!

HORSE FACTORY

SOME city children had been in the country, and their teacher asked what was the most wonderful thing they had seen.

"The man who makes real horses," replied one little boy, who had been fascinated by the village blacksmith's forge. "He had just finished one, and I saw him nailing one of its feet on."

How Florence Nightingale Wrote Her Name

BORN in Florence in 1820, the famous nurse organised proper care of the sick and wounded in the Crimean War,

Florence Nightingale

and became known as The Lady of the Lamp through her nightly rounds of the hospital wards. She died on August 13, 1910, and is buried at East Wellow in Hampshire.

HUNTER

THERE was an old fellow of Wales

Who searched through his garden for snails;

He said, "When I find them I'll steal up behind them

And sprinkle some salt on their tails."

Overheard

SMALL child, seeing a tortoise for the first time: "Mummy, when will the little mouse come out of his house?"

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

River Puzzle
Thames

Legacy

Housekeeper £2500
Gardener £2000
Cook £1500
Chauffeur £1000

MINT	CAPS
ONION	TIRE
ONE	ASTIR
N	CART
RECRUIT	
SE	RAND
CADET	EAR
ADO	ELATE
DYES	BLEW

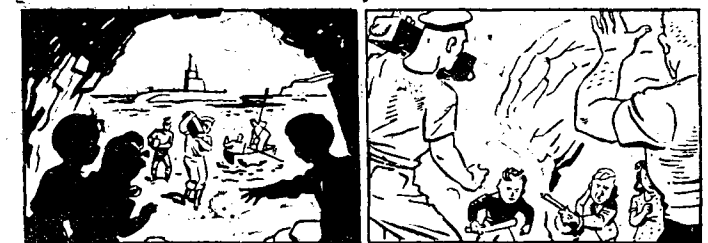


The THREE MUSTARDEERS
run into another thrilling adventure



"A cave!" shouted Jim, of The Three Mustardeers. "Let's explore." "Open sez you!" yelled Mary. "Open, Sesame, you mean," groaned Roger. "But it's open. Come on, in we go. Hullo! what's in these boxes?"

They broke one open—dynamite! Suddenly a man stalked out of the darkness carrying a Tommy Gun. Roger dived at his knees. As the man stumbled, Jim knocked him unconscious with a spar of wood.



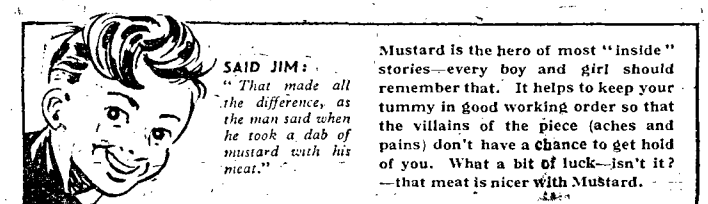
"Then out they dashed—to stop with a jerk. Coming from a boat were more men with boxes—and just off-shore lay a submarine—U.17. "Cornered, but not beaten," cried Roger.

"Into the cave and out again, with the loaded Tommy Gun the man had dropped. "Move another step!" Roger yelled to the men, "and we'll let you have it. Drop those guns."



Suddenly—Crash! Bang!! Shellfire—and the submarine hoists the white flag to a British Naval launch. Ten minutes later, the Launch Commander landed a party and mopped up Roger's prisoners.

"A nice bag of nastiness," said the British Commander. "Youngsters, you've helped to defeat a Nazi plot to blow up the harbour. And you did a nice job with that Tommy Gun."



SAID JIM:
"That made all the difference, as the man said when he took a dab of mustard with his meat."

Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck—Isn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

A GREAT THING TO FIGHT FOR

Boy. Sometimes I read that we ought first of all to win the war and then, and not until then, talk about planning a better world; but surely we should not fight any the worse if we had definite ideas in our minds as to what we want?

Man. As I see it, you are right, and I see that a great scientist, Sir John Boyd Orr, is so much in agreement with us that he has just published a book with the title "Fighting for What?" It is important that he should ask this question, because he is a distinguished scientist who devotes himself to the subject of nutrition.

What he wants us to make our minds up about in the first place is that, looking the world over, there are too many underfed people. If that is true, we have before us a plain and straightforward denunciation of a thing that must be put right, if poverty and the wars that go with it are

The Boy Talks With the Man

to be banished from the earth. Sir John Orr's book reminds us that years ago, when millions of people had less than their needs, an International Wheat Committee devised measures to reduce wheat production!

Boy. Was that done by responsible people?

Man. Yes, these measures were approved by Governments. They were even approved by the British Government at a time when people suffered from lack of food. Wheat was even used to propel steam-locomotives while millions starved. Sir John Orr takes the opportunity to remind us that we restricted the production of rubber when we were approaching such a need for rubber as has never existed in the world before.

Boy. What is to be done to

prevent such things happening again?

Man. Well, what our scientist begs for is that a world food policy should be adopted and worked by a competent service of experts, capable of producing, distributing, and storing all the main foodstuffs, so that want might disappear from the world for ever. To be fighting for the abolition of poverty is a magnificent aim, making each of us a servant of the other.

Boy. Will not the difficulty grow year by year if some scientific plan is not worked out?

Man. Undoubtedly. The world's population is still growing, and the need for foresight grows with it. There should be a World Food Budget. Given that, and given also full application of the means we possess to transport and preserve food, and an age-old difficulty disappears from human affairs.